MARVEL

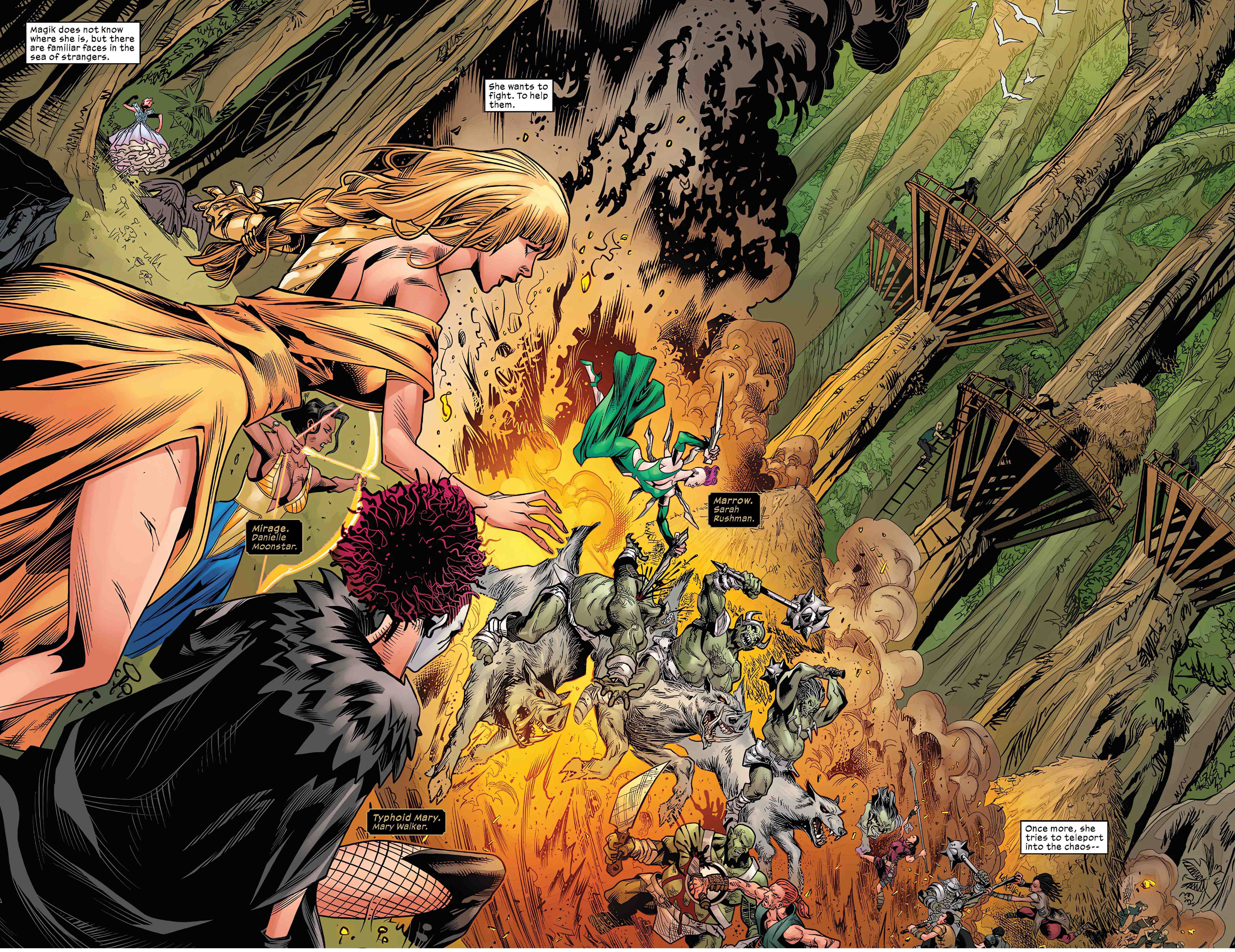
FALL OF X

REALM OF X

001

GRØNBEKK
NEVES
BEREDO

The ancient forest welcomes her with a sigh.
The air is impossibly fresh, stinging her nostrils as she breathes.
Magik. Illyana Rasputina.
For a moment, *Magik* wonders if she is dead.
After all--
--this place could have been *heaven*--
--had it not been for all the *screaming.*


Magik does not know where she is, but there are familiar faces in the sea of strangers.
She wants to fight. To help them.
Mirage. Danielle Moonstar.
Marrow. Sarah Rushman.
Typhoid Mary. Mary Walker.
Once more, she tries to teleport into the chaos--

--but it is like she has forgotten how.
Make way!
Like a part of her is *missing.*
HIDE!
Sooraya! Are you all right?
I think so...I... uhm...
...I hit my head...
What happened? Where are we?
Well, we've left the Hellfire Gala...that's about all I know so far.
Dust. *Sooraya Qadir.*
...Who are they? Am I hallucinating?
The last thing *Dust* remembers is Orchis attacking and Charles Xavier forcing the mutants to leave.
But there was something else--
Afraid not.

A voice. Words spoken.
Typhoid Mary! Are you just going to sit there?
Hey...this isn't my fight... I don't even know where the %$#% we are.
And then they were pulled from the world.
Mary! Can you please ***DO SOMETHING?!***
What about Magik? She's not doing anything.
Eh, I don't...
She does not know this place--
My ***powers...*** I don't have... ***access*** to them at the moment.
Now ***that*** is ***funny.***
Mary!
I would fight, Dani, ***darling--***
--but who is the enemy?
How do we know whom to fight?
--nor these people...
When someone attacks with overwhelming force, they're usually the bad guys.
And though Dani Moonstar makes sense, Dust wonders:

"If she is right--
"--what does that make us?"
Fiiine.

Where did you land?
In some trees over there...
Okay, so there could be more of us in the forest.
Magik--can you gather the mutants in sight... see if you can get them out of the way?
Dust, can you search the surrounding woods?
Well... yeah, sure.
But first, *end this* before we do more harm than good.
These *creatures*... are you sure they deserve it?
Help!
They're attacking children, Dust!

Very well.
The storm spares all who lay down their arms.
Oh, come on, Dust!
It was just getting fun!
There is no pain for those who do not.

Why did I even get up?
When the dust settles, the battle is won.
It is *the four*...it must be!
I thought we'd have more time.
There was never any time, Ellia.
But there is no celebration.
But what incredible power, Trabin! With them by our side, *the White Witch* does not stand a chance!
We will see, Vonos.
I think the words you're looking for are *thank you.*
Merci? Danke? Grazie? Obrigado? Takk?
Forgive us. We are truly grateful for your assistance.
If we seem *ungracious,* it is because--
--your arrival marks, if not the beginning of *the end*... then the beginning of great suffering and uncertainty.

What the hell is that supposed to mean?
Question. Where are we?
Please forgive me. I am Trabin, leader of House Mult.
Allow me to welcome you to **Vanaheim,** one of the Ten Realms.
Van-what-now?
Vanaheim?! That cannot be...
We have been expecting you.
We will answer your questions as best we can, though, I warn you, we do not have all the answers.
But first, I must ask--
--is the one you call **Curse** with you?
She was... she was in my arms.
Curse?
Stop being such a little @$%# and get out here, Curse.
She was here...!
CURSE!

[FALL OF X

REALM OF X]

~~VIOLENCE OF VICTORY~~

What should have been a joyful night welcoming the newly elected X-Men team and celebrating mutantkind turned into a nightmare following Orchis' vicious assault at the Hellfire Gala. In an act of desperation, Professor Xavier used his powers to force as many mutants as he could to walk through the nearest Krakoan gates in the hope of sending them to safety.

Magik, Mirage, Dust, Curse, Typhoid Mary and a handful of other mutants were among those who walked through the gates, but while they managed to escape one battle, they seem to have fallen straight into another. Only now they have no idea where in the universe they are -- and with Magik's teleportation powers on the fritz, they truly have no way home.

1___[MAGIK]
2___[MIRAGE]
3___[TYPHOID MARY]
4___[DUST]
5___[MARROW]
6___[CURSE]

1

2

3

4

5

6

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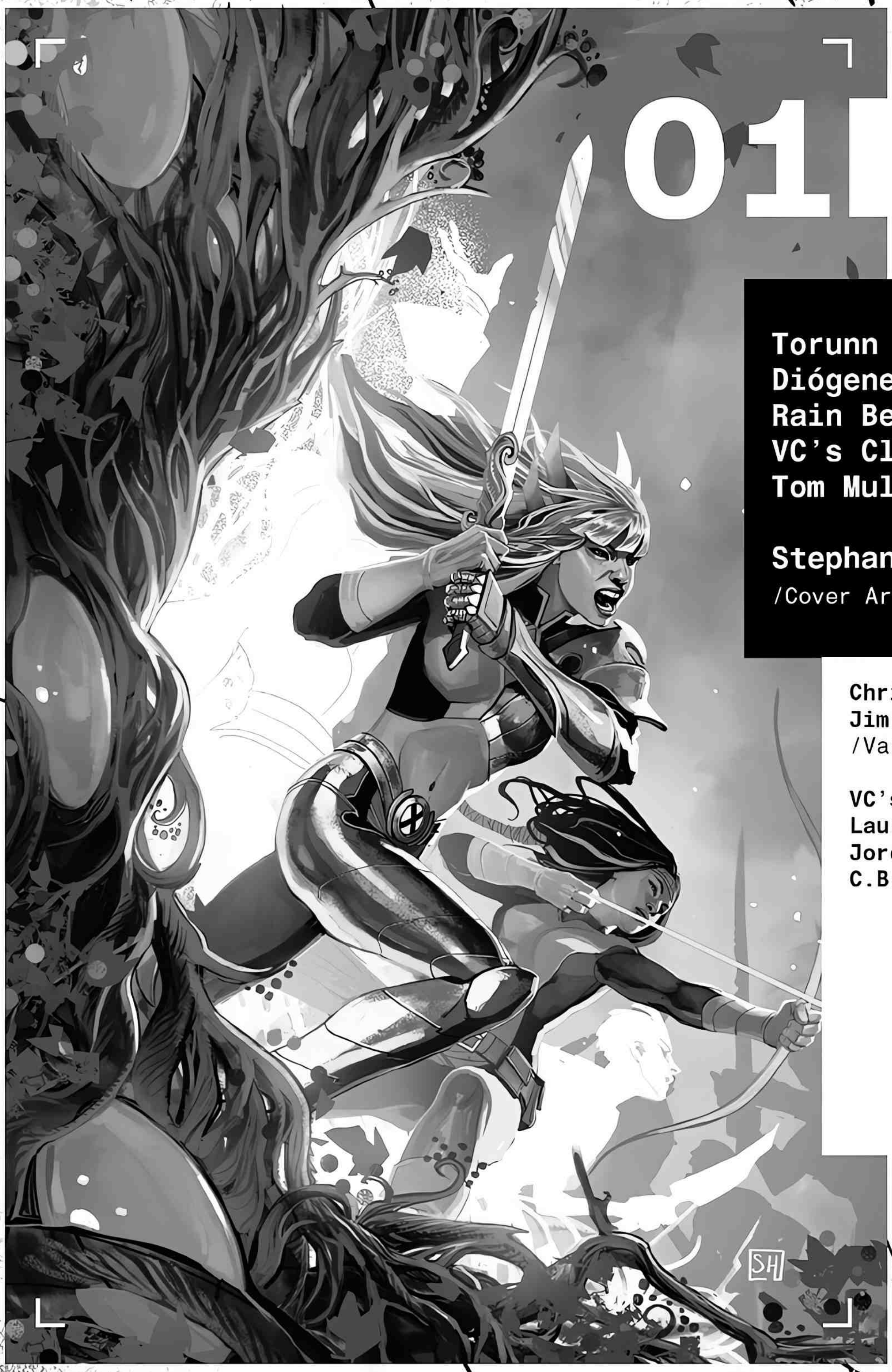

REALM OF X

01

"THE WHITE WITCH"

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Moments before.
Curse is delighted.
All those troll things on piggies sure made her escape a lot easier.
She does not know *where* she is.
Only that she is far away from Magik's grip and Xavier's stupid yapping.
And though she is vaguely aware that she is completely lost--
--it feels like a problem for *Future Curse.*
GGGRRRRRRRR--

She does not feel it, but there is anticipation in the air.
Doggies!
GRRRRRRR!
Eager eyes watch her every movement.
You want a stick?
No.
Ball?
...Curse?
Rrrrooowlll.
Ugh, your breath stinks.
Wash your mouth.
Waiting. *Hoping.*

That's better.
Yip!
And when the *jinx* hits--
Yip!
Yip!
You'll thank me later!
--there is *relief.*
Excitement.
And the wind seems to whisper:
"It begins."

These boots were made for standing on red carpets.
And resting on silk sheets.
They were not made for dirt--
--and dung--
--and stone--
--and--
My horse is at your disposal, Lady Mary.
Do I look like an equestrian to you?
Oh, there is nothing to it.
Get your hands off me!
Just hold on. I will lead him.
You...!
I...

Danielle Moonstar reaches for the minds of the creatures near her.
Is that better?
Do not speak to me.
Unspoken questions are answered through invisible bonds.
They have not seen the child.
They have not seen *Curse.*
But they are willing to help.
--Besides, if Trabin's men can't find her, Sooraya will. She can cover more ground than anyone.
Any news from the animals, Dani?
Not yet, but they will join the search.
I wish I could do... something.
You are, Illyana. We have a dozen wounded mutants who need your assistance. You are getting them to safety.

Magik feels helpless.
Do you think she is scared?
Curse? No.
If anything, it is Vanaheim that should worry.
(And guilty.)
They might be doing everything they can to find her.
But the forest is endless--
--the sun is setting--
Welcome to House Mult.
You will be safe here. We have arranged beds for the wounded, and dinner will be served shortly.
When you said you were the leader of *a house,* I thought you meant... you know--
--an actual *house.*
Goodness' sake, Mary.
--and she knows that no one will find Curse--

--unless she wants to be found.
There it is. Finally. Waiting all day.
It is scrawny.
...Trolls?
Cool.
Are you sure this is the one? She said it would be 'nough for supper.
Maybe if we boil it with 'tatoes...
Boil *me?*
And onions.
I hate onions.
You... don't get any onions.
Because you will be dead.
Oh. You don't want to do that.
What does it mean?
I want to do that. Hit it dead. Boil with 'tatoes...
And onions.
You don't want to do that because...I do this *thing*--
--and I don't know exactly how it works--
--but I make things happen. *Bad things.*
And *someone* gets hurt. Always. Either *me* or someone else.

And between us, if someone is going to get hurt, trollies, it is not going to be me.
You... hurt *us?*
Only if you try to hurt me. We could be *friends,* you know.
Maybe we can share the potatoes? I'm getting hungry, and there's, like, no restaurants anywhere.
It is trying to trick us.
Maybe it is a joke.
Hey! I know a good joke.
Why did the rock troll break up with her boyfriend?
He took her for *granite.*
Get it?
Not funny.
You wouldn't know humor if it hit you in the face, *you useless piles of stone.*
Flesh and bone turns to stone. (And the trollies hurt.)

House Mult, one hour later.
Oh for $%&@'s sake, Dust.
I was eating that!
I searched the entire west side, but I could find no sign of her. What about Trabin's men?
His scouts should be back soon.
What have you learned so far?
That MSG is the true meaning of life?
That corn syrup gets a bad rap?
I would sell my soul for a burger right now.
Well, we landed in the middle of a civil war between the Vanir and someone they call the White Witch.
Mhm. The forest is a battlefield. Most of the houses I came across were burned and abandoned.
How are the wounded?
Looks like everyone will be all right. Some broken bones, but nothing life-threatening. The Vanir healers are taking care of them--
--but I would like to know how they knew we were coming...how they knew the exact number of hospital beds to prepare.
I mean, they'd been expecting us? What does that even mean?

Well, Vanaheim is a realm of *divination.*
Premonitions and prophecy are a fact of life here.
Bargain-bin Boromir is coming.
Your soldiers are on high alert.
Are you expecting hostility?
Always. Our seers can predict her attacks to a certain point, but--
--it can be hard to interpret their visions correctly.
And it is... ***disheartening*** for our soldiers to know too much.
We know ***something*** is coming today. Our forces are prepared. That is enough.
Is this the ***White Witch?*** The same who attacked us earlier today?
Indeed.
Your ***seers...***is that how you knew that we were coming?
Well, yes and no.
I think it's time you told us everything you know.

Uuurkkkhh.
The power still echoes in the stone.
Like reality has yet to catch up.
How did it...feel?
The White Witch can sense it. Smell it.
When she changed your very *being*...how did it feel?
Can't move my hand.
You're in pieces, my dear.
Can you put us back together?
She tries. Gathering her considerable power, she attempts to undo Curse's jinx.
I am... *delighted* to say that I cannot.
Her powers are quite extraordinary.
The girl said *we* would hurt...
...or *she* would hurt.
But *we* hurt.
We *hurt.*
Yes. You hurt. I cannot help you with that--
--but do not worry...I will make her hurt too.

For a lifetime, Trabin has wondered what he would say in this moment.
To understand the events of today, we must look to the past.
The Vanir used to live in cities as big as countries. Our technology and weapons rivaled those of Asgard.
How he would explain the nature of this realm...how the future is in the very air they breathe--
But our strength came with **attention.** Unrest. War.
We saw **the future.** We saw what awaited us if we did not act.
--how it guides them.
So we changed. Changed the fate of the realm. Left the cities to ruins and chose a simpler existence.
Ever think you might have overcorrected?
Be quiet, Mary.
That was the **first time** the demise of Vanaheim was prophesied.
The second... begins with **you.**
And how lost they feel now that it has gone dark.
Mirage, Marrow, Dust and Typhoid Mary. If you would follow me to the library.
No, thanks. I am over this unsolicited history lesson.
Please, Mary. I think what you are about to see will interest you.
Magik is coming too.

Prophecy in Warfare

The use of divination as a strategic tool in warfare has yielded variable results throughout history. During the first age, when Njord, son of Buri, brother of Mimir and Bor, ruled the realm, divination was primarily employed as a means of motivation rather than a tactical resource. Warriors who knew their lives would be forfeit in battle would enter the fray with an unwavering determination to die with honor, fighting with ferocity and unyielding courage.

That was until Kvasir the Wise posed the following questions: *If the warriors had not been privy to the prophecy of their demise, would they have still perished? Or would they have fought with more prudence and survived?*

These questions plagued the Vanir, and the notion of altering destiny rather than submitting to it was born.

This concept was successfully implemented multiple times, most notably on two occasions:

Before the war with Asgard, it is believed that it was the catastrophic prophetic visions of the impending battle that inspired Freyr to seek the aid of Surtur. Historians contend that this decisive act saved Vanaheim in the early stages of the war and enabled the Vanir to hold their ground against the Asgardian forces. When Freyr, renowned for his pride, humbly sought the aid of the fire giant, he acknowledged his own weakness. It is believed that this was the key to changing the fate of the realm.

The second notable event occurred when the Vanir chose to forsake their technological advancements and the luxuries of their citadels in favor of a more modest existence. This decision transformed a future shrouded in war, death and darkness into one of tranquility and peace. It is suggested that the Vanir's collective attrition of comfort and ambition was the catalyst that caused fate to shift.

The question plaguing Vanir scholars now that they look into an uncertain future is what lessons they can learn from the past to change their destiny. The coming war with the White Witch is well-documented in the Library of Prophecies, and for decades, scholars and strategists have studied the events leading up to the battle in the hopes of finding some key moment to change in an attempt to alter fate.

When asked about the issue at hand, Haggard Thunson, First Strategist of Sadran's army, responded as follows:

If the goal is to outsmart fate, it may be necessary to contradict our inherent tendencies. In practical terms, however, I do not know what measures to recommend. Should the Vanir yield to this upstart Witch? Never. We know ***the Four*** *play a crucial part in the battle to come, but would we deny strangers who seek our help? Or, going one step further, would we kill those who stand ready to help us? I would argue that sacrificing four lives to save the realm is a small price to pay for peace, but it is also hard to believe that peace will grow from bloodshed. War, famously, begets war.*

On the other hand, I cannot help but wonder--

--is it the act of inaction that will doom us in the end?

We have seen your arrival for centuries.
This is not unusual in itself, but what is noteworthy is that we cannot see past the events in which you are involved.
And what exactly does this prophecy say?
There will be a battle. The White Witch attacks, and we defend our land.
We know that four of **the strangers** will play a part in it.
But there is an unpredictable element. A chaotic power not even fate seems to understand.
An event. An unleashing of power. After this, the future is lost.
For many years, this force was believed to be a magical object.
But modern scholars have suggested that it could be a ***person.***
We have collected all accounts of the prophecy in this library.
It was, at some point, a tradition among our seers to spend time here, trying to figure out the intricacies of this time.
What is... that?!
Is that... us?
HA!

One of the seers had a passion for sculpture, and she sculpted the four strangers as she saw them in her visions.
Poor little Magik.
Even fate deems you insignificant.
The horn! We are under attack.
I'd rather be insignificant than a petulant child, Mary.
White Eagles!
What are they carrying? Are those... *people?* Are they alive?
Marrow's questions are answered by the scent filling the air.

As bodies fall from the sky, the stench of death envelopes them.
Well, I suppose Trabin's scouts are back. Let's *hope* they didn't find Curse before they were slaughtered.
Goodness' sake, Mary!
Could you help out? Preferably without burning the camp down?
It feels like a play. A move in a game they do not understand.
Bloody hell!

Mary! Do something! It's going for the boy!
Oh, wouldn't want to *burn anything down.*
Help!
And they are losing.
You talk to birds... Can't you just tell it to stop?
MOTHER! HELP ME!
Not how it works, Mary!
Oh... dammit.
AAARGHHH!
HEEEEEEE!
I don't understand... they didn't attack anyone. Why take the boy?

A few minutes later.
The boy's quiet cries quiver through the air.
What the hell?!
HHhhelp... mm-e-e!
Meek and horrifying, it is the sound of terror.
The Witch watches with bated breath, willing Curse to take *the bait.*
P-p-please!
Put him down, you feathery %$#@&!
Willing her to use her *power.*
Nooooo!
I'm warning you, you overgrown pigeons!
You wannabe swans!
Willing her to *save him.*
ARGH!
PLUCK YOU!
SHRRP

She wants to see what happens.
SKRAAA!
AARGHH!
Ooops! Sorry!
Sorry, sorry, sorry!
I didn't mean to--
I was trying to help.
SPLSH
SPLSH
SPLSH
SPLSH
SPLSH
SPLSH
SPLSH
HELP-- ME!
Hold on!
Hold on...I'm coming--
=Sob= I want to go... home.
The Witch teases the currents--
--and breaks the branch.
Then...
It will kill him, unless--
...GO HOME!

Reality yields.
And Curse *hurts.*
What the hell?!
Mother! She saved me! The girl...
Like the pain she stole from the world must be taken from her.
"The girl" saved him? What is that damn child up to?
I don't know...but if it was Curse, at least we know she's alive.

Saturnyne finds--
Oh, sweet girl...
--to her *surprise*--
--that it is not an *act.*
Let me ease your pain.
Even if it is not exactly *love*--
--she cares deeply for this girl--
--this child--
Let me take you *home.*
--this *weapon.*

Diary Entry

By Leheran Altion, Head Librarian in the Third Age,
the Library of Prophecies

A young man arrived at the Library today. Only fourteen winters old, he had a particular gift for sight, yet he did not see it as that. A gift. He could not understand what value the images flickering through his mind could be to anyone.

I told him, as I always do, that we are not to know. It will make sense when it makes sense. (If I am honest, more often than not, too late.)

He asked me why we do what we do, and I told him, as I always do, that this is all we have. We can record. We can seek understanding. We can listen to the warnings of destiny and attempt to heed them. That is all we have and all that I do.

Resigned, he shared his sight. [File #2971-2-B] He told the same story I had heard many times before. He sees the four strangers, the same four whom all who visit here see: one of fire, one of fear, one of sand and one of bone. He sees the battle. He sees the White Witch on a white horse, leading an endless army. He sees the Vanir fight back. And he sees the unknowable chaos, followed by inevitable nothing.

So far, his account was much like the others. But then he said something strange.

He said that the chaos laughs. The chaos plays. The chaos is righteous and open and bright.

I was stunned. This does, indeed, suggest that the chaos is a creature, maybe even a sentient one. It suggests that the chaos could be reasoned with.

For the first time since I took this wretched position, I feel hope.

The young man looked relieved to have unburdened himself. Before he left, he asked me, like so many before him, what the point of life is when you know what will happen in the end.

I answered, as I always do--

--that endings are rarely the point of anything.

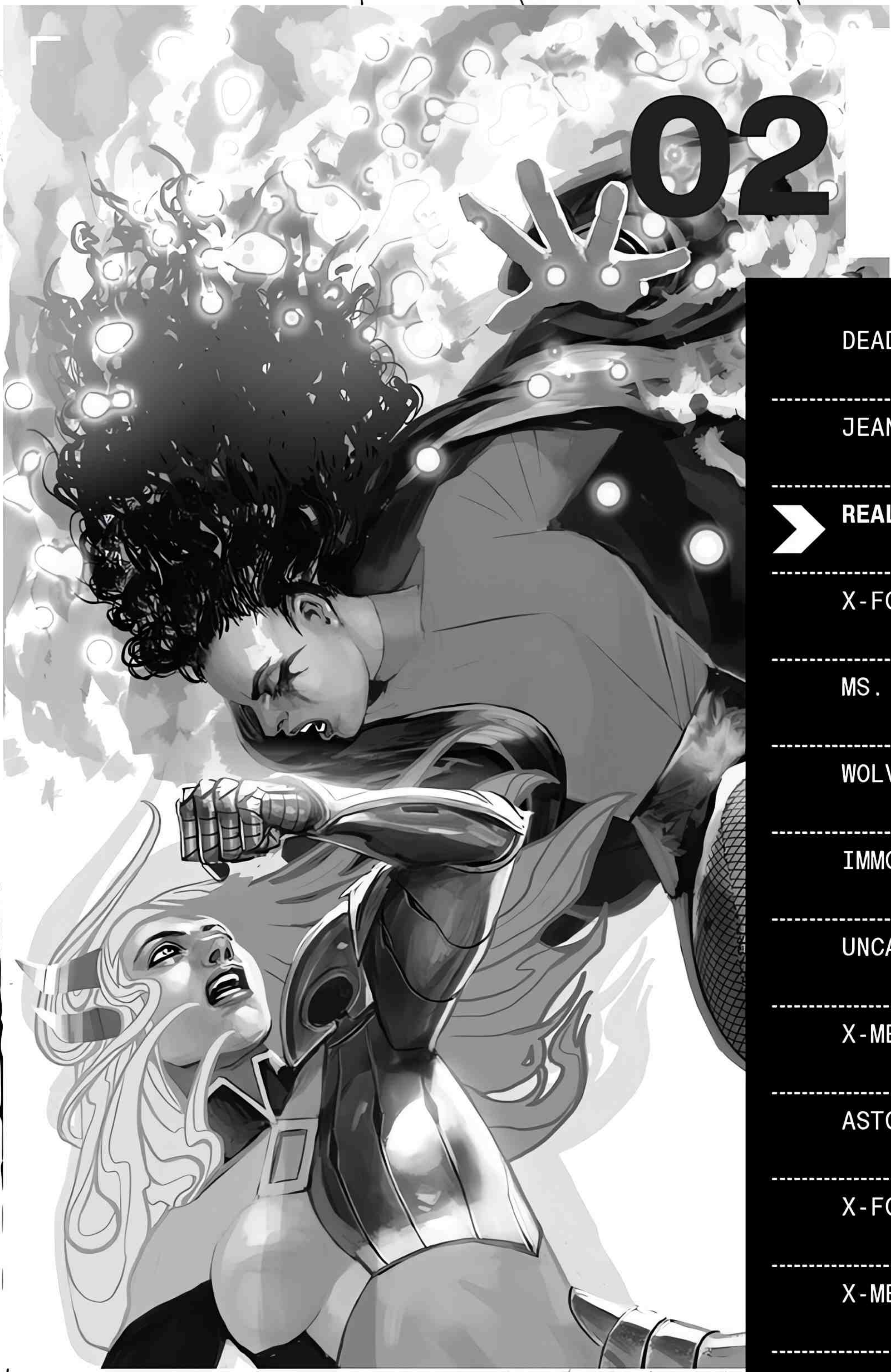
All life ends the same, after all.

They end in death.

KrAKOA is for all MUTANTS

[fall__of]
[______X]

FOLLOW THE FALL:



- DEADPOOL #10:
- JEAN GREY #1:
- **REALM OF X #1:**
- X-FORCE #43:
- MS. MARVEL: NEW MUTANT #1:
- WOLVERINE #26:
- IMMORTAL X-MEN #15:
- UNCANNY SPIDER-MAN #1:
- X-MEN #26:
- ASTONISHING ICEMAN #2:
- X-FORCE #44:
- X-MEN RED #15: